

Kahl am Main -- Water Paradise With A Gazillion Lakes

The [Lower Franconian](#) town of Kahl am Main is right along the border of [Hesse](#), which makes the place closer to [Frankfurt am Main](#) than say, [Munich](#).

Regardless of its geography, Kahl is so totally [Bavarian](#).

Don't believe me? Just come during the *Dorfplatzfest* (Village Square Festival) with all its traditional Bavarian food dishes and drinks (that just means beer), and you'll see what I'm talking about.

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If it's not possible to come for the *Dorfplatzfest*, the weekly market on Wednesdays (2pm – 6pm) still offers plenty of tasty Bavarian food. So will the Autumn Celebration in October, no doubt.

You know, it's too bad Kahl doesn't bake at the 17th century bakehouse anymore. Bread baked in those old ovens sure do taste delicious. For three hundred years (circa 1650) the bakehouse was the center of baking within the community — that was until 1937 when it all stopped.

All right, I might be a bit nostalgic for some deliciously baked bread, but not all of Kahl's history is so kind.

Back in the 17th century, the town (and its environs) were subjected to those awful Witch Hunts. And, technically, the Witches Oak belongs to the town of [Großkrotzenburg](#). There's a memorial to the 90 people who lost their lives under the orders of the ruling Archbishop.

If I can get a bit nostalgic again for a minute, this time at the Schloss Emmerichshofen, built in 1728. So what if there wasn't any running water, disease was rampant, and life expectancy was

just over half of what it is now? A Baroque palace is beautiful and serene.

Do you know what else is beautiful and serene? The countryside. Many of the hiking trails are flat. And there are, I dunno, a gazillion lakes around town. If you love water, Kahl am Main is heaven! Plus, there's a huge campsite at the Ostsee ([see webcam!](#)) with long beaches, miniature golf, table tennis, and all kinds of other stuff that makes the whole family happy.

As wonderful as all this is, none of the above are Kahl's landmark. Nope, that title belongs to the *Sandhasendenkmal* — or the Sandstone Rabbit Sculpture — which you'll find at the B8 highway.

It might be hard to romanticize about that, but it sure did give me a chuckle. ;-)